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E L E G Y

ON THE

D E A T H

OF

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF
R U T L A N D.

O DOLOR, ATQUE DECUS MAGNUM REDITURE!

VIRG.

B Y D R. D E L A P.

L O N D O N :

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TO HER GRACE THE
D'UTCHESS OF RUTLAND,

THE FOLLOWING

E L E G Y

IS, WITH ALL DUE DEFERENCE,

INSCRIBED, BY

HER GRACE'S MOST OBEDIENT

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

LONDON,
Feb. 12, 1788.

J. DELAP.



E L E G Y, &c.

A GAIN that funeral knell?—'tis Death's deep
toll,

And Rutland is no more!—the general groan,
The gush of grief from sorrow's inmost soul,
Sound the last summons—He's for ever gone!

Nor

Nor youth, nor titles ranged in proud array,
 Nor loftiest lineage, high as kings may go;
 Nor a whole people's prayer, have power to stay
 The mortal malady's malignant blow.

Such, in this pilgrimage of earthly cares,
 For many a short sojourner the sad sigh.
 Fate's formidable ordinance declares
 The best are born to suffer and to die.

But while thro' all her sons Hibernia mourns
 The statesman dead, the friend, companion lost,
 In Britain, in his native Britain, burns
 No generous breast to hail his honour'd ghost?



For .

For never from its mournful mansion forth,
 Went one more honour'd to the realms above;
 And yet not nobler in exalted worth,
 Than gracious gifts of courtesy and love.

Ah, melancholy thought!—the general groan
 Of heart-felt horror thro' a people spread,
 In one sad mourner center'd, all in one,
 Soon shall burst over a lov'd husband dead.

Dead, ere his hour, by too severe a fate,
 In the full prime of life's meridian bloom;
 His ardent spirits high with hope elate
 Of many a joy, in many a year to come.

Ill-deftin'd youth! nor year, alas, haft thou,

Nor joy to come, from this devoted day.

Tranfient thy morn of glory, as the bow

That blazons heav'n's blue arch, and fades away.

Not fo the forrows a fond confort pours!

Sorrows!—but who may paint what paffeth fhew?

With what diviner infpiration's powers

An angel's agonies unfold to view?

Such, (and the funeral harbinger draws near)

Such, as when fate's irrevocable doom

On her lov'd Lord affails her fear-full ear,

Pale now and cold in night's eternal gloom.

What

What heart, with Shakspear's fire, would firmness have
 To ponder on those moments, when Despair
 Its ghastly semblance on that face shall grave,
 Fairer than Fancy's pencil could make fair?

To hear that voice, that 'witch'd the list'ning soul
 With more than musick, all discordant broke;
 In thrilling plaints, disdainful of controul,
 Calling on cruel Death, whose ruthless stroke

Kill'd all her hopes?—" You sunk him to the tomb,
 " Remorseless Death! you sped the dart, (she cries;)
 " Ere I to catch the parting breath could come,
 " Press his pale lips, and close his dying eyes.

" He's

“ He's gone! the bright star that illum'd my sky!

“ Discolour'd now with dim'd and loathsome light.

“ Where e'er I turn, no gleam of comfort nigh;

“ 'Tis silence all, and solitude, and night!

“ Now never more, the lonely hour to cheer,

“ Shall he be seen; to read the wistful eye;

“ Hear inward anguish sigh'd to Passion's ear,

“ Sooth'd only by re-murm'ring Passion's sigh.

“ No, he's for ever gone! friend, husband, all,

“ For which in this waste world I long'd to live.

“ Vainly to me its vain enchantments call;

“ Nought have I now to ask, or that to give;

“ Then let what may take all ! ” — Ah, Lady, still,
 Something remains, sad Lady ; still too dear !
 When Passion's ruffled gale hath blown its fill,
 Oh, there's a tender call still claims thy care !

A husband's last fond pledges of his love ;
 His and your love, for ever left behind.
 And shall such pledges ineffectual prove ?
 Such melting motives on a mother's mind ?

Too hapless Lady ! no. — Each lenient art
 To lighten their distress, that love will try ;
 Silence the throbbings of a bleeding heart,
 And be to them their parent in the sky.

D

So,

So, like some flower, (if with prophetic view
 The poet's eye may glance on days to come)
 Like some spring-flower, reviv'd from noxious dew,
 Shall that bright form, emerging from the gloom

Of blank Misfortune's frown, with vivid glow
 Again bloom forth; with roseat smiles again
 Feel Health's gay spirits animated flow,
 And once more lead the loves' and graces' train.

Such the warm hope of all, whose souls e'er dwelt
 On the fair wonder of that heav'nly face;
 Felt for such grief as only can be felt,
 Which ev'n the muse herself wants pow'r to trace.

Oh, then forgive the meanest of her train ;

To Rutland or to Fame how lightly known ;

Who touch'd by sympathy, in artless strain,

Prefumes with her laments to mix his own.

But born alike into a world of woe,

Insensibly we form the feeling breast ;

Humanity heav'n sends to high and low,

The beggar and the king, a common guest.

F I N I S.



